



*The Fates decree, that tis a mighty wrong¹⁰⁵⁸
To Women Kinde; to have more Grace, then Tongue*



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The Rape of
L U C R E C E,
Committed by
T A R Q U I N the Sixth;

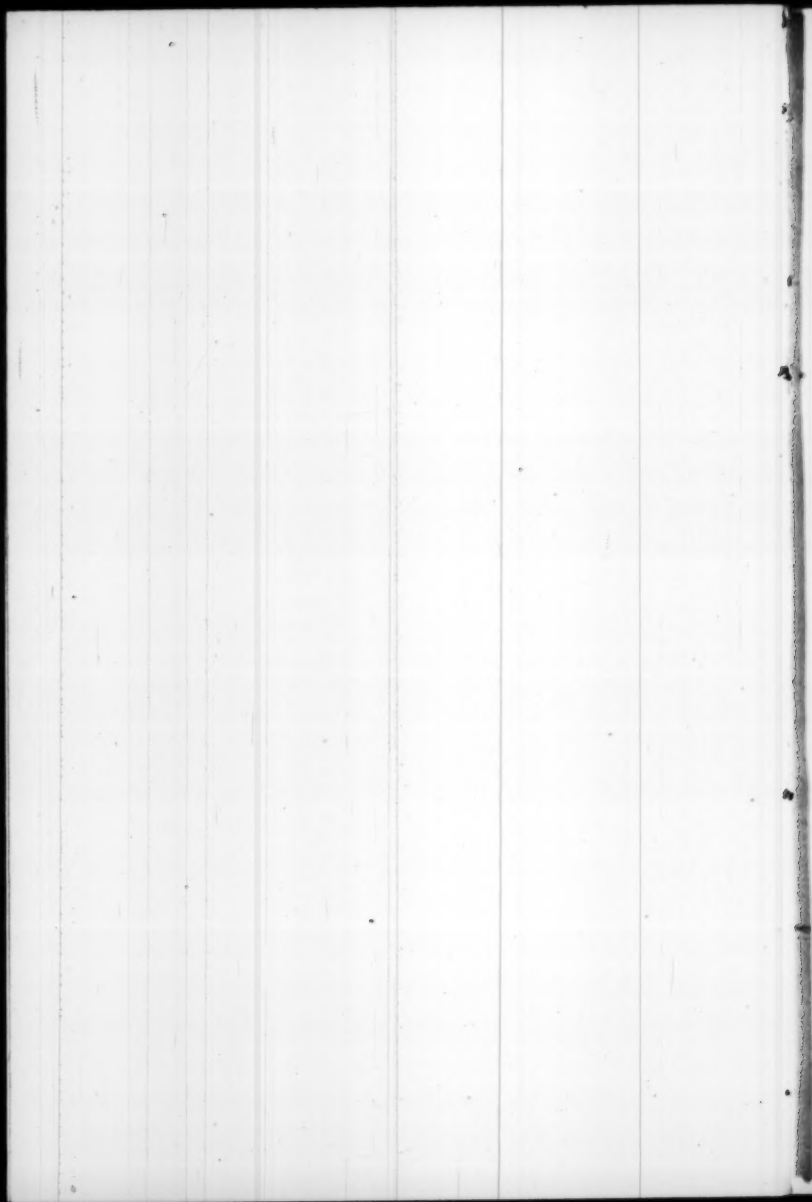
A N D
The remarkable judgments that beset him for it.

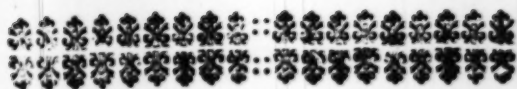
BY
The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry*,
WILL: SHAKESPEARE Gent.

wherunto is annexed,
The Banishment of T A R Q U I N:
Or, the Reward of Lust.
By **J. QUARLES.**



L O N D O N.
Printed by J. G. for John Stafford in George-yard
neer Fleet-bridge, and Will: Gilbertson at
the Bible in Giltspur-street, 1655.





To my esteemed friend
Mr. NEHEMIAH MASSEY.

^{Sir,}
I Look upon Ingratitude as a
crime beyond addition, which
made *Seneca* once say, *Si ingra-*
tum dixeris, omnia dixisti : to a-
void which (having no other
means left to expresse my grati-
tude for those many favours

A 3 which

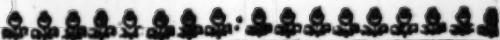
The Epistle Dedicatory.

which I have received from
you) I have here made bold
to present you with this small
work ; which if you accept, you
will ever engage

Your absolute friend,

JOHN QUARLES.

The



The Argument.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father in law, Servius Tullius to be cruelly murder'd, and contrary to the Roman lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrage: had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of Rome to besiege Ardea during which, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the Kings son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the vertues of his own wife: among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humer they all passed to Rome, and intending by their secret and suddes arrivall, to make tryall of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids the other Ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in severall sports Whereupon the Noble men jeeluded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the same. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucreces beauty; yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Camp,
from

The Argument.

from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, hee treacherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently ravisheth her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers; one to Rome for her father, another to the Camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attyred in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall suddenly stabbed her self. Which done, with consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved with one consent, and a generall acclamation, that the Tarquins were all exiled, & the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.



THE
RAPE OF *Lucrece*.

1. *The praising of Lucrece as chaste, vertuous, and beautifull, maketh Tarquin enamour'd.*

FROM the besieg'd *Ardea* all in post,
Born by the trustlesse wings of *false desire*,
Just breathed *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman* host,
And to *Colatium* beares the lightlesse *fire*,
Which in pale *embers* hid, lurkes to aspire
And girdle with imbracing *flames* the *Wast*,
Of *Colatines* faire love, *Lucrece* the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste*, unhappy set
This batelesse edge on his keene *appetite* :
When *Colatine* unwisely did not let
To praise the cleere unmatched *red and white*,
Which triumpht in that *skie* of his delight,
Where *mortal* star as bright as heavens *beauties*,
With pure *aspects* did him-peculiar *duties*.

B

For

The Rape of Lucrece.

For he the night before in *Tarquins* tent,
 Unlockt the *treasure* of his happy state :
 What pricelesse *wealth* the *heavens* had him lent
 In the possession of his *beauteous* mate,
 Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate
 That *Kings* might be espouled to more *fame* :
 But *King* nor *Prince* to such a *peerlesse* dame.

O happinesse enjoyed but of a few,
 And if possesst, as soone decayde and done :
 As if the *mornings* silver melting dew,
 Against the *golden* splendor of the *Sunne*,
 A date expir'd : and cancel'd ere begun.
Honor and *beauty* in the owners armes,
 Are weakly fortrest from a world of harmes.

Beauty it self, doth of it self perswade
 The *eyes* of men without an *Orator*,
 What needeth then *Apologies* be made
 To set forth that which is so *singular*?
 Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
 Of that *rich Jewel* he should keep unknown,
 From theevish *eyes* because it is his own?

Perchance his boalt of *Lucrece* Son'raignty,
 Suggested this proud *issue* of a *King* :
 For by our *eyes* our *hearts* oft tainted be,
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting (want
 His high pitcht *shon* his, that meaner men should
 The *golden* hap which their *superiors* want.

But

But some untimely *thought* did instigate,
His all too timelesse speed, if none of those,
His *honor*, his *affaires*, his *friends*, his *state*,
Neglected all; with swift intent he goes,
To quench the *coale* which in his liver growes.
O rash false *heat*, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty *spring* still blasts and n'ere grows old.



2. Tarquin welcom'd by Lucrece.

W^Hen at *Golatia* this false *Lord* arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Romane*
Within whose face *beauty* & *vertue* striv'd, (*dame*,
Which of them both should underprop her fame,
When *vertue* brag'd, *beauty* would blush for
When *beauty* boasted blushes, in despight (*shame*,
Vertue would stain that o're with *silver white*.

But *beauty* in that *white* intituled,
From *Venus doves* doth challenge that *faire field*,
Then *vertue* claimes from *beauty* beauties red,
Which vertue gave the *golden age* to gild
Their *silver chokes*, and cald it then their *shield*,
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight, (*white*.
When *Shame* assail'd, the *red* should fence the

This *Herauldry* in *Lucrece* face was seen,
 Argued by *beauties* red and *vertues* white,
 Of eithers colour was the other *Queene*;
 Proving from *worlds* minority their right,
 Yet their *ambition* makes them still to fight:
 The *Sou'raignty* of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each others seat.

This silent *warre* of *Lillies* and of *Roses*,
 Which *Tarquin* view'd in her faire *faces* field,
 In their pure *ranks* his *traytor* eye encloses,
 Where left between them both it should be ki'd,
 The coward *cap'tive* vanquished doth yeild
 To those two *armes* that would let him goe,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband shallow tongue,
 The *niggard* prodigall that prais'd her so,
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which farre exceeds his barren skill to show.
 Therefore that *praise* which *Colatins* doth owe,
 Incanted *Tarquin* answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Divell*,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
 "For thoughts unstain'd do seldome dream on
 "Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes feare: (evil,
 So guiltlesse she securely gives good chear,
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For

The Rape of Lucrece.

5

For that he coloured with his high estate,
Hiding base *sinne* in pleats of *Majesty*:
That nothing in him seem'd *inordinate*,
Save something too much wonder of his eye,
Which having *all*, *all* could not satisfie,
But *poorely rich* so wanteth in his store,
That cloyd with *much*, he pineth still for *more*.

But she that never cop't with *stranger eyes*,
Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks*,
Nor read the subtle *shining secrecies*
Writ in the glassie margents of such *bookes*,
She toucht no unknown *baits*, not fear'd no *bookes*,
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his *eyes* were opend to the *light*.

He stories to her eares her *husbands* fame,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull *Italy*:
And decks with praises *Colatines* high name,
Made glorious by his manly *chivalry*,
With bruised armes and wreaths of victory;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth expresse,
And worldlesse so greets *heaven* for his success.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,
He makes *excuses* for his being there;
No cloudy *show* of stormy bluitring weather
Doth yet in his faire *welkin* once appear,
Till sable *night* sad source of dread and feare,
Upon the *world* dim *darknesse* doth display,
And in her vaulty *prison* shuts the day.

B 3

For

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his bed,
 Intending wearinesse with heavy *ſprize* :
 For after ſupper long he questioned
 With modeſt *Lucrece*, and wore out the *night* :
 Now leaden ſlumber w. th lives ſtrength doth fight,
 And every one to reſt themſelves betake,
 Save *theeves*, & *cares*, & *troubled minds* that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie revolving,
 The ſundry dangers of his *will* obtaining :
 Yet ever to obtaine his *will* re'olving, (ning
 Though weak built *hopes* perſwade him to abſtain-
 Deſpaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
 And when great *treasure* is the meed propoſed,
 Though death be adjunct, ther's no death ſuppoſed

Tho'e that much covet are with *gaine* ſo fond,
 That oft they have not that which they poſſeſſe,
 They ſcatter and unloose it from the *band*,
 And ſo by hoping more they have but *leſſe*,
 Or gaining more the profit of *exceſſe*,
 Is but to ſurfer, and ſuch *griefes* ſuſtaine.
 That they prove bankrout in this poor *rich gaine*.

The ayme of *all* is but to nurse the *life*
 With *honour*, *wealth* and *eaſe*, in wayning age :
 And in this ayme there is ſuch *thwarting ſtriſe*,
 That one for *all*, or *all* for one we gage :
 As *life* for honor, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for *wealth*, and oft that *wealth* doſt coſt
 The death of *all*, and all together loſt.

So that in ventring *ill*, we leave to be
 The things we *are*, for that which we expect :
 And this ambitious foule *infirmity*,
 In having *much*, torments us with defect
 Of that we *have* : so then we doe neglect
 The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
 Make *something nothing*, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting *Tarquin* make,
 Pawning his *honor* to obtaine his *lust* :
 And for himselfe, him else he must forsake :
 Then where is *truth*, if there be not *self-trust* ;
 When shall he think to find a *stranger* iust,
 When he himself himself confounds, betraies
 To slanderous *tongues* wretched hatefull dayes ?

Now stole upon the *time* the dead of *night*,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortall *eye*,
 No comfortable *starre* did lend his light,
 No noise but *Owles & Wolves* death-boding cries:
 Now serves the *season* that they may surprize
 The silly *Lambs*, pure thoughts are dead & *still*,
 While *Lust* and *Murder* wakes to *staine & kill*.



Tarquin *disputing the matter, at last resolves
to satisfie his lust.*

And now this lustfull *Lord* leapt from his bed,
Throwing his *mantle* rudely ore his *arme*,
Is madly tost betweene *desire* and *dread*;
Th'one sweetly flatters, th'other feareth harme,
Eut honest *fear*, bewitcht with *lusts* soule charm;
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude *desire*.

His *Fauchion* on a *flint* he softly smiteth,
That from the cold *stone* sparkes of *fire* doth flie,
Whereat a *waxen* torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be *loade-star* to his lustfull *eye*,
And to the *flame* thus speaks advisedly;
As from this cold *flint* I enforce this *fire*,
So *Lucrece* must I force to my *desire*.

Here pale with *fear* he doth premeditate,
The *dangers* of his loathsome enterprife:
And in his inward *minde* he doth debate,
What following *sorrow* may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked *armour* of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controul's his *thoughts* unjust.
Faire

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not,
To darken her whose *lights* excelleth thine :
And die unhallowed *thoughts* before you blot
With your *uncleannesse* that which is *divine* :
Offer pure *incense* to so pure a *shrine* :
Let faire *humanity* abhor the deed, (*wee*.
That *spots* and *staines* loves modest snow-white

O shame to *Knighthood*, and to shining *armes*,
O soule *dishonour* to my households *grave* :
O impious *Act* including all soule *harmes*,
A martiall *man* to be soft *fancies* slave,
True *valour* still a true *respect* should have :
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my *face*.

Yes though I die the *scandall* will survive,
And be an *eye-sore* in my golden *coate* :
Some loathsome *dash* the *Herald* will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote :
That my *posterity* sham'd with the note
Shall curse my *bones*, and hold it for no sinne
To wish that I their *father* had not been.

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke ?
A *dream*, a *breath*, a *froth* of *fleeting* joy,
Who buies a *minutes* mirth to waile a *weeke* ?
Or sels *eternity* to get a *toy* ?
For one sweet *grape* who will the *vine* destroy ?
Or what fond *beggar* but to touch the *crowne*,
Would with the *scepter* straight be stricken down.
If

If *Colatinus* dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake; and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
 This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will beare an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my invention make
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed:
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
 Mine eyes forgoe their light, my false heart bleed
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,
 And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had *Colatinus* kild my Sonne or Sire,
 Or laine in ambush to betray my life;
 Or were he not my deare friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
 As in revenge or quitall of such strife:
 But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is, if once the fact be knowne,
 Hatefull it is: there is no hate in loving,
 I'll beg her love: but she is not her owne:
 The worst is but deniall, and reproving.
 My will is strong, past reasons weake removing.
 Who fears a sentence or an old mans law,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

Thus (gracelesse) holds he disputation,
Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser scale for vantage still
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceed,
That what is vile shewes like a vertuous deed.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tydings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some bad newes from the warlike bard
Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies.

O how her fear did make her colour rise?
First red as *Roses* that on *Lawne* we lay,
Then white as *Lawne* the *Roses* tooke away.

And now her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare;
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Untill her husbands welfare she did beare,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheere
That had *Narcissus* seen her as she stood,
Selfe-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All Orators are dumbe when beauty pleads,
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses,
Love thrives not in the heart that shadowes dreads
Afflictions is my Captaine and he leads:

And when this gaudy banner is displaide,
The coward fights, and will not be dismaide.

Then



4. *He puts his resolution in practice.*

Then childish feare avant, debating die,
 Respect and Reason waite on wrinkled age:
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye,
 Sad Pause and deepe Regard beseems the Sage,
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage;
Desire my pilot is, Beauty my prise, (lies?)
 Then who feares sinking where such treasure

As corne ore-grown by weeds, so heedfull feare,
 Is almost choakt by unresisted lust,
 Away he steales with open listning eare,
 Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust:
 Both which as servitors to the unjust.

So crosse him with their opposite perswasion,
 That now he vowes a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self same seat sits Colatine,
 That eye which lookes on her, confounds his wits,
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine
 Unto a view so false will not incline:

But with a pure appeale seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted, takes the worser part.
 And

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who flattered by their leaders jocond show,
Stuffe up his lust, as minutes fill up howres :
And as their Captaine, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe,
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Romane Lord doth march to Lucrece bed.

The locks betweene her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforst, recites his ward,
But as they open, they all rate his ill;
Which drives the creeping thiefe to some regard.
The threshold grates the doore to have him heard :
Night-wandering Weezels shreek to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portall yeilds him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The winde wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blowes the smoake of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case :
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffes forth another winde that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the lights he spies,
Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle sticks,
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks :
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks,
Is not inur'd, returne againe in hast,
Thou seest our Mistrisse ornaments are chaste.

But

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,
 He in the worst *sense* congrues their deniall,
 The *does*, the *wind*, the *glove* that did delay him,
 He takes for *accidentall things* of tryall,
 Or as those *barres* which stop the hourly diall,
 Who with a lingring stay his course doth let,
 Till every *minutte* payes the *hour* his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these *lets* attend the *time*,
 Like little *frosts* that sometime threat the *spring*,
 To adde a more rejoycing to the *prime*,
 And give the *sneaped birds* more cause to sing,
 Paine payes the *incom* of each *pretious thing*. (*sands*,
 Huge *rocks*, high *winds*, strong *pirats*, *shelves* and
 The *merchants* feares, ere rich at *home* he lands.

Now is he come unto the *chamber doore*,
 That shuts him from the *heaven* of his *thoughts*,
 Which with a yeilding *latch* and with no more,
 Hath bard him from the blessed *thing* he sought.
 So from himself *impiety* hath wrought
 That for his *prey* to pray he doth begin,
 As if the *heavens* should countenance his *sinne*.

But in the midst of his unfruitfull prayer,
 Having solicited th' *eternal power*, (*faire*,
 That his soule *thoughts* might compassse his *faire*
 And they would stand auspicious to the *hour*,
 Even there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre:
 The *powers* to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act?

Then

The Rape of Lucrece.

15

Then *love* and *fortune* be my *Gods*, and *guide*,
My *will* is backt with *resolution* :
Thoughts are but *dreames* till their *effects* be tried,
Black *sinne* is cleared with *absolution*,
Against *lives* fire, *fears* frost hath *dissolution*.
The *eye* of *heaven* is out, and *misty night*,
Covers the *shame* that followes *sweet delight*.

This said, his guilty hand pluckt up the latch,
And with his knee the doore he opens wide,
The *Dove* sleeps fast that this *night-owl* will catch,
Thus reason works ere *traitors* be espied :
Who sees the lurking *serpent* steps aside ;
But she sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortall *sting*.

Into the *chamber* wickedly he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet unstained *bed* :
The *curtaines* being close, about he walkes,
Rouling his greedy *eye-balls* in his head,
By their high treason is his *heart* misfed. (soone,
Which gives the *watch-word* to his *hand* too
To draw the *clouds* that hides the silver *Moon*.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed *Sunne*,
Rushing from forth a *cloud*, bereaves our *sight* :
Even so the *curtain* drawn his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded, with a greater *light*.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright
That dazleth them or else some *shame* suppos'd,
But blind they are, & keep themselves inclos'd.

O

O had they in that darksome prison died,
 Then had they seen the period of their ill;
 Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece* side,
 In his cleere bed might have reposed still:
 But they must ope this blessed league to kill:
 And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their sight,
 Must sell her joy, her life, her worlds delights.

Her lilly hand her rose cheeks lies under,
 Couzening the pillow of a lawfull kisse;
 Who therefore angry seemes to part in sunder;
 Swelling on either side to want his blis,
 Between whose hills her head intomb'd is.
 Where like a vertuous monument she lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
 On the greene coverlet, whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April dazie on the grasse,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like *Marigolds* had sheath'd their light,
 And canop'd in darknesse sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her hair like golden threads plaid with her breath,
 O modest wanton's, wanton modesty!
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortality.
 Each in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,
 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
 But that life liv'd on earth, and death in life.

Her

Her *brefts* like ivory *globes* circled with *blew* ;
A paire of *maiden worlds* unconquered :
Save of their *Lord* no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by *oath* they truly honoured,
These *worlds* in *Tarquin* new ambition bred.
Who like a foule *Usurper* went about,
From this faire *thorne* to have the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he *noted* ?
What did he *note*, but *strongly* he *desired* ?
What he *beheld*, on that he firmly *doted*,
And in his *will* his wilfull eye he tyred.
With more than *admiration* he admired
Her azure *veines*, her *alabaster* skinne,
Her *corall* lips, her *snow white* dimpled chin.

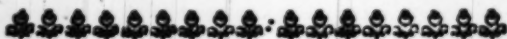
As the grim *Lyon* fawneth ore his *prey*.
Sharpe hunger by the *conquest* satisfied :
So ore this sleeping *soule* doth *Tarquin* stay,
His rage of *lust* by gazing qualified.
Slackt, not supprett, for standing by her side,
His eye which late this *mutiny* restraines,
Unto a greater *uproare* tempts his *veines*.

And they like stragling *slaves* for pillage fighting,
Obdurate *vassals* fill exploits effecting :
In bloody *death* and *ravishment* delighting,
Nor *childrens* teares, nor *mothers* groanes respecting,
Swell in their *pride*, the onset still expecting.

Anon his beating *heart* alarm striking,
Gives the hot *charge* & bids them do their *siking*.

His *drumming heart* cheares up his *burning eye*,
 His *eye* commends the leading to his hand :
 His *hand* as proud of such a *dignity*,
 Smoaking with *pride*, marcht on to make his *stand*
 On her bare *breasts*, the *heart* of all her land,
 Whose ranks of blew *veins* as his hand did scale,
 Left their round *turrets* destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet *Cabinet*,
 Where their deare *gouvernesse* and *Lady* lies,
 Doe tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their *cries* :
 She much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt up *eyes* :
 Who peeping forth this *tumult* to behold,
 Are by his flaming *torch* dim'd and controld.



*Lucretia wakes amazed and confounded to be so
 surprized.*

IMagine her as one in dead of *night*,
 From forth dull *leepe* by dreadfull *fancy* waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some gasty *sprite*,
 Whose grim *aspect* sets every *joynt* a shaking,
 What terrour 'tis : but she in worser taking,
 From *leepe* disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The *fight* which makes supposed *terror* rue.

Wrapt

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand *fears*,
Like to a new-kild *bird* she trembling lies:
She dares not looke, yet winking there appears
Quick shifting *Antiques* ugly in her *eyes*,
Such *shadows* are the weake *braines forgeries*,
Who angry that the *eyes* flie from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadfull *fights*.

His hand that yet remains upon her *breast*,
(Rude *Ram* to batter such an *Ivory wall* :)
May feele her heart (poor *Citizen*) distressed,
Wounding it self to *death*, rise up and fall :
Beating her *Bulk* that his *hand* shakes withall.
This moves in him more *rage*, and lesser *pity*,
To make the *breach*, and enter this sweet *City*.

First like a *trumpet* doth his *tongue* begin
To sound a *warley* to his heartlesse *see*,
Who ore the white *sheet* peeres her whiter *chin*,
The reason of this rash *alarm* to know,
Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show :
But she with vehement *prayers* urgeth still,
Under what *colour* he commits the *ill*.

Thus he replies, the *colour* in this *face*,
That even for *anger* makes the *Lilly* pale,
And the red *Rose* blusht at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving *tale*,
Under that *colour* am I come to scale
Thy never conquered *Fort*, the fault is thine,
For those thine *eyes* betray thee unto *mine*.

Thus I forestall thee : if thou meane to chide,
 Thy *beauty* hath insnar'd thee to this *night*,
 Where thou *with patience* must my *will* abide :
 My *will* that markes thee for my *earths delight*,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might.
 But as *reprooffe* and *reason* beat it dead,
 By thy bright *beauty* it was newly bred.

I see what *crosses* my *attempts* will bring,
 I know what *thornes* the growing *Rose* defends,
 I thinke the *hony* guarded with a *sting*,
 All this before hand counsell comprehends.
 But *will* is deaf, and heares no heedfull friends,
 Only he hath an *eye* to gaze on *beauty*,
 And dotes on what he lookes, 'gainst *law* or *duty*.

I have debated even in my *soule*,
 What *wrong*, what *shame*, what *sorrow* I shall breed,
 But nothing can *affections course* controule
 Or stop the headlong fury of his *Speed*,
 I know *repentant teares* insue the deed.
 Reproach, *disdaine*, and deadly *enmity*,
 Yet strive I to imbrace mine *infamy*.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Romane* blade,
 Which like a *Faulcon* tousing in the *skies*,
 Couchet the *fowle* below with his *wings* shade,
 Whose crook *beake* threats, if he mount he dyes :
 So under the insulting *Fanchion* lies
 Harmlesse *Lucretia*, marking what he tels, (bels.
 With trembling *fear*, as *fowle* heare *Faulcons*

Lucrece

Lucrece, quoth he, this *night* I must enjoy thee;
If thou deny, then force must work my way:
For in thy *bed* I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthlesse *slave* of thine Ile slay,
To kill thine *honor* with thy *lives* decay.
And in thy dead *armes* doe I meane to place him,
Swearing I slew him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy surviving *husband* shall remaine,
The scornfull *marke* of every open eye,
The kinsmen *hang* their hearts at this disdain,
Thy issue blurd with namelesse *bastardy*:
And thou the *Author* of their *obloquy*,
Shall have thy trespass cited up in rimes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yeild, I rest thy secret *friend*,
The fault unknown is as though *unacted*,
A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull *policy* remaines enacted.
The *poysinous simple* sometimes is compacted
In purest compounds, being so applyed,
His *venome* in effect is purified.

Then for thy *husband* and thy *childrens* sake,
Tender my *suit*, bequeath not to their *lot*
The *shame* that from them no device can take,
The *blemish* that will never be forgot:
Worse than a *slavish* wife, or *birth* *houres* blot:
For markes descryed in mens *nativity*,
Are *Natures* faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead killing eye,
 He rouseth up himselfe, and makes a pause,
 While she the picture of pure piety, (clawes
 Like a white *Hinde* beneath the griper sharpe
 Pleades in a *wildernesse* where are no lawes,
 To the rough *beast*, that knows no gentle right,
 Nor ought obeyes but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim *mist* the aspiring mountaine hiding,
 From earths dark *womb* some gentle *gust* doth ger,
 Which blow these pitchy *vapours* from their bidding.
 Hindring their present *fall* by this dividing.
 So his unhallowed *haste* her words delaies,
 And moody *Pluto* winks while *Orpheus* plaies.

Yet foule night waking *Cat* he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast *foot* the weake *mouse* panteth.
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly*;
 A swallowing *gulf*e that even in *plenty* wanteth.
 His *eare* her *prayers* admits, but his *heart* granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining, (ning.
*Tear*s harden *lust*, though *marble* wears with ray-

Her pitty pleading *eyes* are sadly fixed
 In the remorselesse *wrinkles* of his face:
 Her modest *eloquence* with *sighes* is mixed,
 Which to her *Oratory* addes more grace.
 She puts the *period* often from his place,
 And midst the *sentence* so her *accent* breaks,
 That *twice* she doth begin ere *once* she speaks.

Lucrece



Lucrece pleadeth in defence of Chastity, and
exprobateth his uncivill lust.

She conjures him by high *Almighty* Jove,
By *Knighthood*, *Gentry*, & sweet *friendships* oath,
By her *untimely* tears, her *Husbands* love,
By *holy humane* law, and *common* troth.
By *heaven* and *earth*, and all the *powers* of both,
That to his borrowed *bed* he make retire,
And stoop to *Honor*, not to soule desire.

Quoth she, reward not *Hospitality*
With such *black payment* as thou hast pretended,
Muddle not the *fountaine* that gave drink to thee,
Marre not the *thing* that cannot be amended:
End thy ill *ayme*, before thy *shoot* be ended.
He is no *Wood-man* that doth bend his *bow*
To strike a poor unseasonable *Doe*.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thy self art mighty, for thine owne sake leave me:
My selfe a *Weakling*, doe not then insnare me.
Thou look'st not like *deceit*, doe not deceive me.
My sighs like *whirlwinds* labor hence to heave thee:
If ever man was mov'd with *womans* mones,
Be moved with my *teares*, my *sighes*, my *groanes*.

All which together like a troubled *Ocean*,
 Beat at thy rocky, and wracke-threatning *heart*,
 To soften it with their continuall *motion* :
 For *stones* dissolv'd, to *water* doe convert,
 Or if no harder than a *stone* thou art,
 Melt at my *teares* and be compassionate,
 Soft pity enters at an *iron* gate.

In *Tarquins* likenesse I did entertaine thee,
 Hast thou put on his *shape* to doe him shame ?
 To all the *hosts* of heaven I complaine mee,
 Thou wrongst his *Honor*, woundst his princely *name*
 Thou art not what thou *seem'st*, and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou *art*, a *God*, a *King*,
 For *Kings*, like *Gods* should governe every thing.

How will thy *shame* be seeded in thine age,
 When thus thy *vices* bud before thy *spring*,
 If in thy *hope* thou dar'st doe such outrage.
 What dar'st thou not when once thou art a *King*.
 O be remembered, no outrageous thing
 From *vassall* actors can be wipt away
 Then *Kings* misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This *deed* shall make thee only lov'd for feare,
 But happy *Monarchs* still are fear'd for love :
 With foule offenders thou perforce must beare,
 When they in thee the like *offences* prove :
 If but for feare of this, thy *will* remove.
 For Princes are the *glasse*, the *schoole*, the *booke*,
 Where subjects eies doe *learn*, doe *read*, doe *looke*.

And

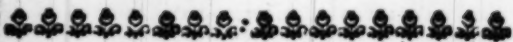
And wilt thou be the *school* where *lust* shall learne?
Must he in thee read *lectures* of such shame?
Wilt thou be *glasse* wherein it shall discerne
Authority for *sinne*, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge *disbonour* in thy name.
Thou black'st *reproch* against long living *land*,
And mak'st faire *Reputation* but a *band*.

Hast thou commanded by him that gave it thee
From a pure *heart* commanded thy rebell *will*:
Draw not thy *sword* to gard *iniquity*,
For it was lent thee all that *brood* to kill,
Thy princely *office* how canst thou fulfill
When pattern'd by thy *faults*, foule *sinne*, may say,
He leard to *sinne*, and thou didst teach the way?

Thinke but how vile a *spectacle* it were,
To view thy present *troups* in another:
Mens *faults* do seldome to themselves appeare,
Theire owne transgressions partially they smother:
This *guilt* would seeme death-worthy in thy *brother*
O how are they wrapt in with *infamies*,
That from her owne *misdeeds* askeance their eies.

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up *hands* appeale,
Not to seducing *lust* thy rash reply:
I sue for exil'd *majesties* repeale,
Let him returne and flattering *thoughts* retire:
His true *respect* will prison false *desire*,
And wipe the dim *mist* from thy dotting eies,
That thou shalt see thy *state* and pittie *mine*.

Haue



*Tarquin all impatient, interrupts her ; and denyed
of consent , breaketh the enclosure of
her Chastity by force.*

HAve done, quoth he, my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let :
Small *lights* are soone blown out, huge *fires* abide,
And with the *winde* in greater fury fret :
The pretty *streames* that pay a daily *debt*
To their salt *soveraigne* with their fresh fals hast,
Adde to this *flow*, but alter not the *taste*.

Thou art(quoth she) a sea, a soveraine King,
And loe, there fals into thy boundlesse flood,
Black *lust*, *dishonour*, *shame*, *misgoverning*,
Who seeke to straine the Ocean of thy *blond*.
If all these *petty* ils shall change thy good,
Thy *sea* within a *puddle* wombe is perished,
And not the *puddle* in thy *sea* dispersed.

So shall these *slaves* be King, and thou their *slave* :
Thou *nobly base*, they *basely dignified* :
Thou their *faire life*, and they thy *souler grave* :
Thou loathed in their *swime*, they in thy *pride*,
The *lesser thing* should not the *greater hide*.
The *Cedar* stoopes not to the *base shrubs* foote,
But low *shrubs* wither at the *Cedars* root.

So

So let thy *thoughts* low *vassals* to thy *state*,
 No more quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee
 Yeeld not my *love*, if to, enforced *hate*
 Instead of *loves* coy *touch* shall rudely teare thee :
 That done, dispihtfully I mean to beare thee
 Unto the base bed of some raicall *groom*,
 To be thy *partner* in this shamefull *doome*.

This said, he sets his foot upon the *light*,
 For *light* and *lust* are deadly enemies :
 Shame folded up in blind concealing *night*,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The *wolfe* hath seiz'd his *Prey*, the poor *Lamb* cries
 Till with her owne white *fleece* her *voice* controld
 Intombs her out-cry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly *linnen* that she weares,
 He pens her piteous clamors in her *head*,
 Cooling his hot *face* in the chastest *teares*,
 That ever modest *eyes* with sorrow shed.
 O that foule *lust* should staine so pure a *bed*;
 The *spots* whereof could weeping purifie;
 Her *tears* should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose againe :
 This forced league doth force a farther strife,
 This momentary *joy* breeds moneths of *paine*,
 This hot *desire* converts to cold *disdain* :
 Pure *Chastity* is rifled of her store,
 And *lust*, the theefe, far poorer than before.

Looke

Looke as the full fed *Hound* or gorged *Hawks*,
 Unapt for tender *smell* or speedy *flight*,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether bauke
 The *prey* wherein by nature they d-light :
 So surfeit-taking *Tarquin* feares this night.
 His taste delicious, in digestion sowing,
 Devoures his *will*, that liv'd by foule devouring.

O deeper sinne than bottomelesse *conceits*,
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken *desire* must vomit his *receits*,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While *lust* is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or reine his rash desire,
 Till like a Jade selfe-will himself doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane discolour'd cheeke,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthlesse pace,
 Feeble *desire* all recreant, poor and meeke,
 Like to a bankrupt begger wailes his case :
 The flesh being proude, *desire* doth fight with grace :
 For there it revels, and when that decays,
 The guilty *rebel* for remission prayes.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of *Rome*,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doome, (ced
 That through the length of *times* he stands disgra-
 Besides, his soules faire temple is defaced :
 To whose weake *ruines* muster troopes of cares,
 To aske the spotted *Princessse* how she fares.

She

She sayes her *subjects* with soule resurrection,
Have battred downe her consecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in subjection:
Her *immortality*, and made her thrall
To living death and paine perpetuall,
Which in her *presen* e she controuled still,
But her *foresight* could not forest, all their will,

Even in this *thought* through the dark night he stea-
A captive victor that hath lost in gaine: (leth
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will despight of Cure remaine,
Leaving his *spoile* perplex in greater paine.
She beares the load of *lust* he left behinde,
And he the burthen of a guilty minde.

He like a theevish dog creepes sadly thence,
She like a wearied Lamb lies panting there;
He scowles and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her *nailes* her *flesh* doth teare,
He faintly flies, swearing with guilty feare;
She stayes exclaiming on the direfull night;
He runs and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy *convertite*,
She there remaines a hopelesse cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning light:
She prayes she never may behold the day,
For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay:
And my true eyes have never practis'd how,
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They

They think not but that every eye can see,
 The same *disgrace* which they themselves behold:
 And therefore would they still in darknesse lie,
 To have their unseen sinne remaine untold:
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eate in Steele,
 Upon my cheeks what helplesse shame I feele.



*Lucrece thus abused complains on
 her misery.*

Here she exclaimes against *repose* and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind:
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leape from thence where it may finde
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a minde. (spight
 Frantick with grieve thus breaths she forth her
 Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
 Dim register, and notary of shame,
 Black stage for tragedies and murders sell,
 Vast sinne-concealing Chaos; nurse of blame,
 Blind muffled bawde, darke harbor of defame,
 Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,
 With close-tongu'd *treason*, and the ravisber.

O hatefull vapourous and foggy *night*,
Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime :
Muste thy *mists* to meet the Easterne *light*,
Make war against proportion'd course of *time* :
Or if thou wilt permit the *Sunne* to clime
His wonted height, yet ere he goe to bed,
Knit poysonous clouds about his go'den head.

With rotten *damps* ravish the *morning* ayr,
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of *purity*, the *supreme* faire,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tyde pricke,
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoaky *ranks* his smothered *light*,
May set at *noone* and make perpetuall *night*.

Were *Tarquin* night as he is but *nights* child,
The silver shining Queene he would disdain,
Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
Through *Nights* black bosom shold not peep again,
So should I have *copartners* in my paine.
And fellowship in *woe* doth *woe* asswage.
As *Palmer*s that make short their *Pilgrimage*.

Where now I have no one to blush with me, (mine,
To crosse their *armes* and hang their *heads* with
To maske their browes and hide their *infamy*,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with *showers* of silver *brine*,
Mingling my talk with *tears*, my grief with *groanes*:
Poor wasting *monuments* of lasting *moanes*.

O night thou *furnace* of soule reeking smoke,
 Let not the jealous day behold that face
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
 Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy reigne are made,
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy *shade*.

Make me not object to the tell-tale *day*,
 The light shall shew charactred in my brow,
 The *story* of sweet *chastities* decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlocks *vow*.
 Yea, the illiterate that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
 Will quote my loathsome trespasse in my looks.

The *nurse* to still her *child* will tell my *story*,
 And fright her crying *babe* with *Tarquins* name:
 The *Orator* to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to *Tarquins* shame,
 Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How *Tarquin* wrong'd me, I *Colatine*.

Let my *good name*, that senslesse reputation,
 For *Colatines* deire love be kept unspotted:
 If that be made a *sheame* for *disputation*,
 The *branches* of another *root* are rotted,
 And undeserv'd *reproach* to him allotted,
 That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
 As I ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O unseene *shame*, invisible disgrace!
O unfelt *sore*, crest-wounding private *scarre*!
Reproach is stamp't in *Collatinus* face,
And Tarquins *eye* may read the *mote* a far,
How he in *peace* is wounded, not in *war*.
Alas how may beare such shameful *blows*, (knows
Which not themselves, but he that gives them.

If *Collatine*, thine honor lay in me;
From me by strong *assault* it is bereft:
My *hony* lost, and I a *Drone*-like Bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But rob'd and ranackt by iniurious *thefts*.
In thy weake *hive* a wandring *Wasp*e hath crept,
And suckt the *hony* which thy chait *Bee* kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy *honors* wracke,
Yet for thy *honor* did I entertaine him;
Comm'g from thee, I could not put him backe;
For it had been dishonor to disdain him,
Besides, of *wearinesse* he did complaine him,
And talke of *vertue* (O unlookt for evill,
When vertue is prophan'd in such a *Divell*!)

Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull *Cuckewes* hatch in *Sparrowes* nests?
Or *Todes* infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or Tyrant *Folly* lurke in gentle breasts?
Or *Kings* be breakers of their own *benefits*?
But no *p'fession* is so absolute,
That some iniquity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffer^s up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with *cramps*, and *gouts*, and *painfull fits*,
 And scarce hath eyes his *treasure* to behold,
 But like still pining *Tantalus* he sits,
 And uselesse bans the harvest of his *wits*:
 Having no other pleasure of his *gaine*,
 But *torment* that it cannot cure his *paine*.

So then, he hath it when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be *mastr'd* by his *yong*,
 Who in their *pride* doe presently abuse it:
 Their *father* was too weake, and they too *strong*:
 To hold their curst blessed fortune long,
 The *sweets* we wish oft turne to loathed *sours*,
 Even in the *moment* that we call them *ours*.

Uaruly blasts wait on the tender *spring*,
 Unwholsome *weeds* take root with precious *flow'ers*:
 The *Adder* hisseth where the sweet *birds* sing:
 What *vertue* breeds *iniquity* devours:
 We have no good that we can say is ours:
 But ill annexed *Opportunity*,
 Or kils his *life*, or else his *quality*.

O *Opportunity* thy *guilt* is great;
 Tis thou that execut'st the *traitors* treason:
 Thou setst the *Wolfe* where he the *Lambe* may get:
 Who ever plots the *sinne*, thou point'st the *season*.
 Tis thou that spurn'st at *right*, at *law*, at *reason*.
 And in thy shady *Cell* where none may spie her,
 Sits *Sinne* to seaze the *soules* that wander by her.
 Thou

The Rape of Lucrece.

Thou mak'st the *Vestal* violate her oath :
Thou blowest the *fire* when *Temperance* is thawd ;
Thou smotherest *honesty*, thou murtherest *truth* :
Thou soule abettor, thou notorious band,
Thou planteest *scandall*, and displaceest *land*.
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false theefe,
Thy *hony* turnes to gall, thy joy to grieve.

Thy *secret pleasure* turnes to open shame ;
Thy *private feasting* to a *publike fast* :
Thy *smothering titles* to a *ragged name* :
Thy *sugred tongue* to *bitter wormwood taste* :
Thy *violent vanities* can never last.
How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble *supplicants* friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?
When wilt thou sort an *houre* great *strifes* to end ?
Or free that *soule* which wretchednes hath chained ?
Give *Physicke* to the *sicke*, ease to the pained ?
The *poor*, *lame*, *blind*, *halt*, *creep*, cry out for thee ;
But they nere met with opportunity.

The *Patient* dies while the *Physitian* sleeps ;
The *Orphan* pines while the *Oppressor* feeds :
Iustice is feasting while the *widow* weeps :
Advise is sporting while *infection* breeds,
Thou grant'st no time for *charitable* deeds.
Wrath, *envy*, *treason*, *rape*, and *murder* rages,
Thy *hainous howres* wait on them as their pages ;
When

When *Truth* and *Verine* have to doe with thee,
 A thousand *crosses* keepe them from thy aid.
 They buy, they *helpe*, but *Sinne* nere gives a free,
 He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid
 As well to *heare*, as *grant* what hee hath said.
 My *Collatine* would else have come to me,
 When *Tarquin* did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of *murther* and of *theft*,
 Guilty of *perjury* and *subordination*,
 Guilty of *treason*, *forgery* and *shifte*,
 Guilty of *incest* that *abomination*,
 An *accessary* by thine inclination
 To all *sinnes past*, and all that are to *come*,
 From the *creation* to the generall *doome*.

Mishapen *time*, copesmate of ugly *night*,
 Swift subtile *post*, carrier of grisly *care*,
 Eater of *youth*, false *slave* to false *delight*,
 Base *watch* of *woes*, *sins pack-horse*, *vertues snares*;
 Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are;
 O heare me then, iniurious shifting *time*,
 Be guilty of my *death*, since of my *crime*.

Why hath thy servant *Opportunity*
 Betrai'd the *houres* thou gav'it me to repose?
 Canceld my *fortunes* and inchained me
 To endlesse date of never-ending *woes*?
 Times *office* is to finde the hate of *foes*,
 To eate up *error* by *opinion* bred,
 Not spend the *dowry* of a lawfull bed.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Times glory is to calme contending *Kings*,
To unmask *falsehood*, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of *time* in aged things,
To wake the *morne*, and *sentinell* the night,
To wrong the *wronger* till he render right,
To ruinate *proud* buildings with thy *bonres*
And smear with *dust* their glittering golden *towres*.

To fill with *worme holes* stately *monuments*,
To seed *oblivion* with decay of things,
To blot old *bookes*, and after their contents,
To plucke the *quils* from ancient *Ravens* wings.
To dry the old *oakes* sap, and cherish *springs*.
To spoile *antiquities* of hammered steel,
And turne the giddy round of *Fortunes* wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her *daughter*,
To make the *child* a man, the man a child,
To slay the *Tyger* that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the *Unicorne* and *Lion* wilde,
To mock the *subtile* in themselves beguild;
To chear the *Plowman* with increasefull *crops*,
And waste huge *stones* with little *water* drops.

Why workst thou mischief in thy *pilgrimage*,
Unlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
One poore retyring *minute* in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him *wis*, that to bad debtors lends, (backe,
O this dread *night*, wouldst thou one hour come
I could prevent this *storme* and shunt his wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to *Eternity*,
 With some mischance crosse *Tarquin* in his flight,
 Devise *extremes* beyond extremity
 To make him curse this cursed crimefull night:
 Let gasty *shadows* his lewd eyes affright,
 And the dire *thought* of his committed evill,
 Shape every *bush* a hideous shapelesse *Divell*.

Disturbe his *houres* of rest with restless *trances*,
 Afflict him in his *bed* with bedred *groines*:
 Let there bechance him pitifull *mischances*,
 To make him mone, but pittie not his *mones*:
 Stone him with hardened harts *harder* than stones,
 And let mild *women* to him loose their *mildnesse*,
 Wilder to him than *Tigers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him have *time* to teare his curled haire,
 Let him have *time* against himselfe to rave,
 Let him have *time* of times helpe to despaire,
 Let him have *time* to live a loathed *slave*,
 Let him have *time* a beggers *orts* to crave:
 And time to see one that by *almes* doth live,
 Disdaine to him disdained *scraps* to give.

Let him have time to see his *friends* his foes,
 And merry *fooles* to mock at him resort:
 Let him have time to marke how slow *time* goes
 In time of *sorrow*, and how swift and short
 His time of *folly*, and his time of *sports*:
 And ever let his unrecalling *time*,
 Have time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou *tutor* both to good and *bad*,
Teach me to curse him that thou taughtst this *ill*,
At his own *shadow* let the *threſe* run mad,
Himself, himself seeke every houre to kill,
Such wretched *hands* such wretched *blond* should.
For who so base would such an *office* have, (spill :
As slanderous *deaths-man* to so base a slave ?

The baser is he comming from a *King*,
To shame his *hope* with *deeds* degenerate,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him *honour'd*, or begets him *hate* :
For greatest *scandall* waits on greatest *state*.
The *Moone* being clouded presently is mist,
But little *Starres* may hide them when they list.

The *Crow* may bathe his cole-black *wings* in mire,
And unperceiv'd flye with the filth away,
But if the like the snow white *Swan* desire,
The staine upon his silver *Downe* will stay,
Poor *grooms* are sightles *night*, *Kings* glorious day
Gnats are unnoted whereſoere they fly,
But *Eagle* gaz'd upon with every eye.

Our idle *words*, servants to shallow *fools*,
Unprofitable *ſounds*, weake *arbitrators*,
Buſie our selves in skil contending *ſchoolers*,
Debate where leasure serves with dull debators :
To trembling *Clients* be you mediators
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my *caſe* is paſt the help of *law*.

In vaine I raile at *Opportunity*,
 At *time*, at *Tarquin*, and unsearchfull *night* :
 In vaine I cavill with mine *infamy*,
 In vaine I ipurne at my confirm'd *despight* :
 This helplesse *smoke* of words doth me no right ;
 The remedy indeed to doe me good,
 Is to let forth my soule defiled *blood*.

Poore *hand*, why quiverest thou at this *decree* ?
 Honor thy selfe to rid me of this *shame*,
 For if I die, my *Honor* lives in thee,
 But if I live, thou liv'st in my *defame* ;
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall *Dame*,
 And wast affeard to scratch her wicked *Foe*,
 Kill both thy selfe and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betumbled *couch* she starts;
 To finde some desperate instrument of death,
 But this no *slaughter-house*, no toole imparts,
 To make more vent for passage of her *breath*,
 Which thronging through her *lips* so vanisheth
 As *smoke* from *Aetna*, that in *aire* consumes,
 Or that which from discharged *Canon* sunes.

In vaine (quoth she) I live and seeke in vaine
 Some happy *meane* to end a haplesse life :
 I fear'd by *Tarquins Fanchion* to be slain,
 Yet for the selfe-same purpose seeke a *knife* :
 But when I seard, I was a loyall wife.
 So am I now : O no, that cannot be,
 Of that true *type* hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

The Rape of Lucrece.

41

O That is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this spot by death (at least) I give
A badge of fame to flaunderers livery,
A dying life to living infamy.
Poore helplesse help, the treasure stolne away
To burne the guiltlesse caskes where it lay.

Well well, dear *Collatine*, thou shalt not know
The stained tast of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard *grasse* shall never come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy *stock* pollute
That thou art doting *Father* of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thoughts,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stoln from forth thy gate;
For me I am the *mistresse* of my fate
And with my *trespasse* never will dispence,
Till life to death acquit my fore'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my *attaint*,
Nor sold my fault in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
My fable ground with sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false nights abutes:
My tongue shall utter all mine eyes like *flukes*,
As from a mountain spring, that seeds a dale,
Shall gush pure *streams* to purge my impure tale.
By



*Lucrece continuing her laments, disputeth
whether she should kill her self or no.*

BY this lamenting *Philomela* had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemnst night with slow sad gate descended;
To ugly Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light would borrow.
But cloudy *Lucrece* shames her self to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks, O eye of eyes, (ping,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peep-
Mock with thy tickling beams, eyes that are sleeping,
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thou cavils she with every thing she sees,
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees,
Old woes, not infant sorrows bear them mild;
CONSTANCIE tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour, drowns for want of skill.

So

So she deepe drenched in a *Sea of care*,
Holds disputation with each thing she viewes,
And to her self all *sorrow* doth compare,
No *object* but her *passions* strength renewes,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues,
Sometimes her *griefe* is dumb and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little *birds* that tune their *mornings* joy,
Make her *mones* mad with their *sweet melody*,
For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
Sad *Soules* are slaine in merry company,
Griefe best is pleas'd with *griefes* society:
True *sorrow* then is feelingly suffiz'd,
When with like semblance it is simpathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drowne in ken of *shoare*,
He ten times pines, that pines beholding *food*,
To see the *salve* doth make the *wound* ake more,
Great *griefe* grieves most at that would doe it good,
Deepe *woes* roule forward like a gentle *floud*,
Who being stopt, the bounding *banks* ore-floues,
Griefe dallied with, nor *law* nor *limit* knowes.

You mocking *Birds* (quoth she) your *tunes* intomb
Within your hollow swelling feathered *breasts*,
And in my hearing be you ever dumb,
My restless *discord* loves no *stops* nor *rests*;
A woefull *hostesse* brooks not merry *guests*:
Relish your nimble *notes* to pleasing *eares*,
Distresse like *dumps* when *time* is kept with *teares*.
Come

Come *Philomela* that singst of *ravishment*,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd haire,
 As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment,
 So I at each sad straine will straine a tear,
 And with deepe groanes the *Diapason* beare:
 For burthen wise Ile hum on *Tarquin* still,
 While thou on *Tereus* descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bear'st thy part,
 To keepe thy sharp woes waking, wretched I
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fixe a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
 Who if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.

These meanes as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall turn our heart strings to true languishment.

And for poor bird thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,
 That knowes nor parching heat, nor freezing cold
 Will we finde out: and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds:
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened *Deere* that stands at gaze,
 Wildely determining which way to fly,
 Or one incompast with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily:
 So with her self is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twaine were better,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debter.

To

To kill my self, quoth she, alack what were it,
But with my *body* my poor soules pollution?
They that lose *halfe* with greater patience beare it,
Than they whose *whole* is swallowed in confusion.
That *mother* tries a mercilesse conclusion, (one,
Who having two sweet *babes*, when death takes
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My *body*, or my *soule*, which was the dearer?
When the one *pure*, the other made divine;
Whose love, of either, to my self was nearer;
When both were kept for *Heaven* and *Collatine*:
Ay me, the *bark* pil'd from the lofty *Pine*,
His *leaves* will wither, and his *sap* decay,
So must my *soule*, her *barque* being pill'd away.

Her *house* is sackt, her *quiet* interrupted,
Her *mansion* battered by the enemy.
Her sacred *Temple* spotted, spoild, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy,
Then let it not be cald *impiety*
If in this blemisht part I make some *hole*,
Through which I may convey this troubled *soule*.

Yet die I will not till my *Collatine*
Have heard the cause of my untimely *death*,
That he may vow in that sad *houre* of mine,
Revenge on *him* that made me stop my breath,
My stained bloud to *Tarquinius* bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my *Testament*.

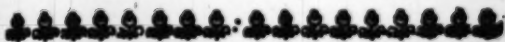
My

My *honour* Ile bequeath unto the *knife*,
 That wounds my *body* so dishonoured :
 'Tis *honour* to deprive dishonoured life,
 The one will live, the other being dead,
 So of Shame's *ashes* shall my *fame* be bred :
 For in my death I murder shamefull *scorn* ,
 My *shame* so dead, my *honour* is new born.

Dear Lord of that dear *jewel* I have lost,
 What *legacy* shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, *love*, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd maist be.
 How *Tarquin* must be us'd, read it in me.
 My self thy *friend*, will kill my selfe thy *foe*,
 And for my sake serve thou false *Tarquin* so.

This brief *abridgement* of my *will* I make,
 My *soul* and *body* to the *skies* and *ground*,
 My resolution (*Husband*) do you take.
 Mine *honour* be the *knife* that makes my *wound*,
 My *shame* be his that did my *fame* confound.
 And all my *fame* that lives disburfed, be
 To those that live and think no shame of me.

Then *Collatine* shall oversee this *will*,
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it ?
 My *blood* shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 My *life's* soule deed my *life's* faire and shall free it.
 Faint-not faint *heart*, but stoutly say, So be it.
 Yield to my *hand*, and it shall conquer thee,
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.
 This



Lucrece resolved to kill her selfe determines first to
send her Husband word.

THis plot of death when sadly she had laid, (eyes,
And wip't the brinish *pearle* from her bright
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her *mistresse* hies,
For fleet wing'd-duty with *thoughts* feathers flies;
Poor *Lucrece* cheeks unto her maid seeme so,
As winter meades when *Sun* doth melt their *snow*.

Her *mistresse* she doth give demure good morrow
With soft slow tongue, true *markes* of modesty,
And sorts a sad looke to her *Ladies* sorrow,
(For why her face wore *sorrowes* livery,)
But durst not aske of her audaciously,

Why her two *Suns* were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her faire cheeks over-washt with *woe*.

But as the *Earth* doth weep the *Sun* being set,
Each flower moistned like a melting eye:
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled *eyn*, enforce'd by sympathy
Of those faire *Suns* set in her *Mistresse* *skis*,
Who in a salt-wav'd *Ocean* quench their *light*,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy *night*.

A

A prettie while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits corall cisternes filling:
 One justly weepes, the other takes in hand;
 No cause, but company of her drops spilling,
 Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,
 Grieving themselves to gesse at others smarts, (barts
 And then they drown their eyes, or breake their

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
 The weake opprest, th' impression of strange kinds,
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud or skill.
 Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
 No more then waxe shall be accounted evill,
 Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a divell.

Their smoothnesse like unto a champaine plaine,
 Layes open all the little wormes that creepe,
 In men even as a rough growne grove remaine
 Cave keeping evils that obscurely sleep.
 Through chrytall walles each little mote will peep:
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern look,
 Poore womens faces are their owne faults bookes. 3

No man inveighs against the withered flowre,
 But chides rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devoure
 Is worthy blame; ô let it not be held
 Poore womens faults, that they are so falsild
 With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
 Make weake-made women tenants to their shame:

The

The *presidents* whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Assail'd by night with *circumstances* strong
Of present death and shame that might ensue,
By that her death to doe her husband wrong,
Such danger to resistance did belong.

The dying fear through all her body spread,
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this milde patience did faire *Lucrece* speak
To the poor counterfeits of her complaining:
My g^rle, quoth she, on what occasion breake
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are rai-
If thou dost weep for griefe of my sustaining, (ning,
Know gentle wench, it small availes my moode,
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me g^rle, when went (and there she staid
Till after a deep grone) *Tarquin* from hence?
Madam ere I was up (repli'd the maid,)
The more too blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the faults I thus farre can dispence,
My selfe was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heavinessse.
O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
For more it is than I can well expresse,
And that deep torture may be call'd a Hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

E :

Goe

Goe, get me hither *paper, inke, and pen,*
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here,
 (What should I say?) one of my husbands men,
 Bid thou be ready by and by to beare
 A *Letter* to my *Lord*, my love, my *deare*,
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The cause craves hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering ore the *paper* with her *quill*.
 Conceit and *griefe* an eager *combats* fight,
 What *wit* sets downe is blotted still with *will*,
 This is too *curious* good, this *blunt* and *ill*.
 Much like a prease of *people* at a *dore*,
 Through her inventions which shall goe before.

At last she thus begins: thou worthy *Lord*
 Of that unworthy *wife* that greeteth thee,
Health to thy *person*, next vouchsafe r'afford
 (If ever, Love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come and visit me,
 So I commend me from our house in *griefe*,
 My woes are tedious, though my words are *briefe*.

Here folds she up the *tenor* of her *woe*,
 Her certaine *sorrow* writ uncertainly,
 By this short schedule *Collatine* may know
 Her *griefe*, but not her *griefes* true *quality*,
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own grosse *abuse*,
 Ere shee with *blond* had staine her staine excuse.

Besides

The Rape of Lucrece.

51

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
When sighs and groans and teares may grace the
Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her (fashion
From that suspicion which the world might beare he
To shun this blot she would nor blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better

To see sad sights moves more than leave them told:
For then the eye interprets to the eare
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth beare:
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare.

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow words,
And sorrow ebs being blown with winde of words.

Her letter now is sealed, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my Lord with more than haste:
The Post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sower-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging soules before the Northerne blait.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villaine curties to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forthwith bashfull innocence doth flie:
But they whose guile within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
For Lucrece thought he blusht to see her shame.

When silly *Groomes* (God wot) it was defect
 Of *spirit*, *life*, and bold *audacity*,
 Such harmelesse *creatures* have a true respect
 To talk in *deeds*, while other saucily
 Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely.
 Even so this patterne of the worne out *age*,
 Pawn'd honest *looks*, but laid no *words* to gage.

His kindled *duty* kindled her *mistrust*,
 That two red *fires* in both their *faces* blazed,
 She thought he blusht as knowing *Tarquins* lust,
 And blushing with him wistly on him gazed,
 Her earnest *eye* did make him more amazed :
 The more she saw the blood his *cheeks* replenish,
 The more she thought he spi'd in her some *blemish*.

But long she thinks till he returne againe,
 And yet the duteous *vassall* scarce is gone,
 The weary *time* she cannot entertaine,
 For now tis stale to *sigh*, to *weep*, and *groane*,
 So *woe* hath weared *woe*, *moene* tryed *moene*,
 That she her *plaints* a little while doth stay,
 Pawling for *meanes* to mourne some newer way.

At last she cals to minde where hangs a *peece*
 Of skilfull *painting* made for *Priams* *Troy*,
 Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
 For *Helens* rape the *city* to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing *Iliou* with annoy ;
 Which the conceited *Painter* drew so proud,
 As *heaven* (it seem'd) to kisse the *turrets* bow'd.

The Rape of Lucrece.

53

A thousand lamentable *objects* there
In scorne of *Nature*, *Art* gave *livelesse* life:
Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the slaughterd husband by a wife.
The red bloud reek'd to shew the *painters* strife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring *Pioneer*
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
And from the towers of *Troy* there would appeare
The very eies of men through loope holes thrust;
Gazing upon the *Greeks* with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those farre off eyes looke sad.

In great commanders, *Grace* and *Maiesty*
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity,
And here and there the *Painter* interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,
Which heartles peasants did so well resemble, (ble
That one would swear, he saw them quake & trem

In *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, O what *Art*
Or *Physiognomy* might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd eithers hearts,
Their face their manners most expressly told.
In *Ajax* eyes blunt rage and rigor rold.
But the mild glance that the *Ulysses* lent,
Shew'd deepe regard and smiling government.

The Rape of Lucrece.

here pleading might you see grave *Nestor* stand,
 as 'twere encouraging the *Greekes* to fight,
 taking such sober *action* with his hand,
 but it beguiled *attention*, charm'd the sight,
 & speech it seem'd his beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did flie
 Thin winding *breath*, which purld up to the *skie*.

About him were a *prease* of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound *advice* :
 All joyntly listning, but with severall *graces*,
 as if some *Mermaid* did their eares intice ;
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
 The *scalpes* of many almost hid behinde,
 To jump up higher seem'd to mock the *mind*.

ere one mans hand lean'd on anothers head,
 his nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,
 ere one being throng'd beares back all boln & red,
 nother smothered, seemes to pelt and sw-are,
 and in their rage such *signes* of rage they beare,
 As but for losse of *Nestors* golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry *swords*.

so much imaginary work was there ;
 success deceitfull, so compact, so kinde,
 that for *Achilles* image stood his *speare*
 rip'd in an armed hand, himself behinde
 as left unseen, save to the eye of *mind* ;
 A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And

And from the *walls* of strong besieged *Troy*,
When their brave *hope*, bold *Hector* march'd to *field*;
Stood many *Trojan* *mothers* sharing joy,
To see their youthfull *sonnes* bright weapons wield,
And to their *hope* they such odde *action* yield,
That through their *light* joy seemed to appeare,
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of *heavy* feare.

And from the *strand* of *Dardan* where they fought,
To *Simois* reedy *banks* the red blood ran,
Whose *waves* to imitate the *battel* sought
With swelling *ridges*, and their *ranks* began
To break upon the galled *shore*, and then
Retire againe, till meeting greater *ranks*
They joyne, and shoot their *some* at *Simois* banks.

To this well painted *piece* is *Lucrece* come,
To finde a *face* where all *distresse* is steld;
Many she sees, where *cares* have carved some,
But none where all *distresse* and *dolour* dweld,
Till she despairing *Hecuba* beheld,
Staring on *Prisms* wounds with her old *eyes*,
Which bleeding under *Pyrrhus* proud *foot* lies.

In her the *painter* had anatomiz'd
Times *ruine*, *Beauties* *wrack*, and grim *Cares* *raign*,
Her *cheeks* with *chaps* and *wrinkles* were disguis'd,
Of What she was, no semblance did remaine,
Her blew *bloud* chang'd to black in every *vein*,
Wanting the *spring* that those shrunk *pipes* had fed
Shew'd *life* imprison'd in a *body* dead.

On this sad shadow *Lucrece* spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the *Beldames* woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries;
 And bitter words to ban her cruell foes.
 The *Painter* was no *God* to lend her those;
 And therefore *Lucrece* swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument (quoth she) without a sound,
 Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
 And drop sweet balm in *Priams* painted wound,
 And rail on *Pyrrhus* that hath done him wrong,
 And with my tears quench *Troy* that burns so long:
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the *Greeks* that are thine enemies.

Shew me the *strummet* that began this *firre*,
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear:
 Thy beat of lust fond *Paris* did incurre
 This lode of wrath that burning *Troy* doth bear:
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.
 And here in *Troy* for trespassse of thine eye,
 The *Sire*, the *Son*, the *Dame* and *Daughter* die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the publike plague of many moe?
 Let sin alone committed, light alone
 Upon his hand that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltlesse souls be freed from guilty woe.
 For ones offence why should so many fall;
 To plague a private sin in generall.

Loe here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies,
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds,
Here friend by friend in bloudy channell lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one mans lust these many *lives* confounds.

Had doting *Priam* checkt his sons desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troies* painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes,
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell:
So *Lucrece* set awork, sad tales doth tell,

To pencild pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow,
She lends them words, and she their looks doth
(borrow.)

She throws her eyes about the painted round,
And who she findes forlorn she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to *Phrygian* shepheards lent,
His face, though full of cares, yet shew'd content.

Onward to *Troy* with these blunt swains he goes,
So milde, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmlesse show,
An humble gate, calm looks, eyes wayling still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe,
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled to,
That blushing red, no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

But

But like a constant and confirmed *Devil*,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
 And therein so inconst this secret *evil*,
 That *Jealousie* it selfe could not mistrust,
 False creeping *craft* and *Perjury* should thrust,
 Into so bright a *day*, such black-fac'd *stormes*
 Or blot with *bel-borne* sin such *Saint-like* formes.

The well-skild *workman* this mild *Image* drew
 For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose enchanting *story*
 The credulous old *Priams* after flew :
 Whose words like *wild fire* burnt the shining glory
 Of rich built *Iliou*, that the *skies* were sory,
 And little *starres* shot from their fixed places, *(ces.*
 When their *glasses* fel wherein they view'd their *fa-*

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
 And chid the *Painter* for his wondrous *skill*,
 Saying, some shape in *Sinons* was abus'd,
 So faire a *forme* lodg'd not a mind so *ill*,
 And still on him she gaz'd and gazing still,
 Such *signes* of truth in his plaine *face* she spied,
 That she concludes, the *picture* was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much *guile*,
 (She would have said) can lurke in such a *Look* :
 But *Tarquins* shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her *tongue*, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
 It cannot be, she in that sense forsooke,
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
 But such a *face* should beare a wicked *mind*.

For

For even as subtil *Simon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so milde,
(As if with *griefe* or *travaile* he had fainted,)
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as *Priam* him did cherish,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how listning *Priam* wets his eyes,
To see those borrowed teares that *Simon* sheds:
Priam why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every teare he fals, a *Trojan* bleeds:
His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne the City.

Such *Divels* steale effects from lightlesse bell,
For *Simon* in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
These contraries such unity doe hold,
Onely to flatter fooles and make them bold:
So *Priams* trust false *Sinons* teares doth flatter,
That he finds meanes to burn his *Troy* with water.

Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,
She teares the senselesse *Simon* with her nailes,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose deed hath made her self her self detest;
At last she smilingly with this give ore,
Foole,foole,quoth she,his wounds will not be fore.

Thus

Thus *she* and *flowes* the current of her *sorrow*,
And *time* doth weary *time* with her complaining,
She looks for *night*, and then she longs for *morrow*,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining,
Short time seems long, in *sorrows* sharp sustaining.
Though *woe* be heavy, yet it seldome sleeps,
And they that watch, see *time* how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipt her *thought*,
That she with painted *Images* hath spent.
Being from the feeling of her own *grief* brought
By deep *surmise* of others *detriment*,
Looing her *woes* in shewes of *discontent* :
It easeth some though none is ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.



*Upon Lucrece sending for Collatine in such hast,
he wish divers of his allies and friends
return home.*

BUt now the mindful *Messenger* comes back,
Brings home his *Lord* and other company,
Who findes his *Lucrece* clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blew circles streamd, like *Rainbows* in the *skie*.
These *watergals* in her dim *Element*,
Foretell new *storms* to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
Her eyes though sod in tears, lookt red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares,
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodlesse hand,
And thus begins : What uncouth ill events
Hath thee befallne, that thou dost trembling stand ?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?
Unmask dear dear this moody heavinesse,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redresse.

Threen

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :
 At length addrest to answer his desire,
 She modestly prepares, to let them know
 Her Honour is tane prisoner by the Foe,
 While Collatine and his comforted Lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale Swan in her watry nest,
 Begins the Dirge of her certain ending ;
 Few words (quoth she) shall fit the trespassse best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending,
 In me more woes than words are now depending,
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head,
 And what wrong else may be imagined,
 By foul inforcement might be done to me,
 From that (alas) thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of dark mid-night,
 With shining Fauchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature with a flaming light,
 And softly cry'd, awake thou *Romane Dame* ;
 And entertain my loves, else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my loves desire doe contradict.

For

For some hard favour'd *groom* of thine, quoth he,
Unlesse thou yoke thy *liking* to my *will*,
He murder straight, and then he slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of *Lust*, and so did kill
The *Lechers* in their deed, this act will be
My *fame*, and thy perpetuall *infamy*.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my *hears* he sets his *sword*,
Swearing, unlesse I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word.
So should my *shame* still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*
Th'adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her *groom*.

Mine *enemy* was strong, my poor self weak,
(And far the weaker with so strong a fear)
My bloody *Judge* forbad my *tongue* to speak,
No rightfull *plea* might plead for *justice* there.
His scarlet *lust* came evidence to swear,
That my poor *beauty* had purloin'd his *eyes*;
And when the *Judge* is rob'd, the *prisoner* dyes.

O teach me how to make mine own *excuse*,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde.
Though my grosse *blood* be stain'd with this *abuse*;
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my *minde*,
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessary *yeildings*, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet indure.

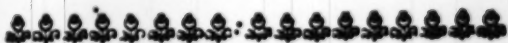
Loe here the hopelesse *Merchant* of his losse,
 With *head* inclin'd, and voice dam'd up with *woe*,
 With sad set *eyes*, and wretched armes acroisse,
 From *lips* new waxen pale, begins to blow
 The grief away, that stops his answer so.
 But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,
 What he breaths out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,
 Out runs the *eye* that doth behold his haste :
 Yet in the *Edge* boundeth in his pride,
 Back to the *strait* that forc'd him on so fast:
 In *rage* sent out, recal'd in *rage* being past ;
 Even so his *sighs*, his *sorrowes* make a law,
 To push *grief* on, and back the same *grief* draw.

Which speechlesse *woe* of his, poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely *frenzie* thus awaketh,
 Deare *Lord*, thy sorrow to my *sorrow* lendeth
 Another *power*, no *flood* by raining slaketh,
 My *woe* too sensible thy *passion* maketh,
 More feeling painfull, let it then suffice,
 To drown one *woe*, one paire of weeping *eyes*.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
 For she that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me,
 Be suddenly revenged on my *for*,
Thine, *mine*, his *owne*, suppose thou dost defend me,
 For what is past, the *helpe* that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late ; yet let the *Traytor* die :
 For sparing *Iustice* feeds *iniquity*.

Upon



*Upon the relation of Lucrece her rape, Collatine and
she rest swear to revenge; but this seems
not full satisfaction to her losses.*

BUt ere I name him, you fair *Lords*, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came to *Collatine*)
Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me,
With swift pursuit to 'venge this wrong of mine,
For 'tis a meritorious fair *design*,
To chase *injustice* with revengefull *arms*,
Knights by their *oathes* should right poor *Ladies*
(*harms.*)

At this *request*, with noble disposition,
Each present *Lord* began to promise aid,
As bound in *Knighthood* to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hatefull *foe* bewraid.
But she that yet her sad *task* hath not said,
The *Protestation* stops. O speak! quoth she,
How may this forced *stain* be wip'd from me?

What is the *quality* of mine *offence*,
Being constrain'd with dreadfull *circumstances*
May my pure *minde* with the foul *act* dispence,
My low-declined *honour* to advance?
May any *terms* acquit me from this *chance*?

The poysoned *fountain* clears it self again,
And why not I from this compelled *stain*?

F

With



*She killeth her self to exasperate them the more to
punish the delinquent.*

With this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies *stain*, the *mind* untainted clears,
While with a joylesse *smile* she turns away
The *face*, that *map* with deep impression bears
Off hard *misfortune* carv'd in with *tears*.

No, no, quoth she, no *Dame* hereafter living,
By my *excuse* shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a *sigh*, as if her *heart* would break,
She throws forth *Tarquins* name, he, he, she saies :
But more than he, her poor tongue could not speak,
Till after many *accents* and *delaies*,
Untimely *breathings*, sick and short *assaies*,
She utters this, he, he, fair *Lord*, tis he
That guides this *hand* to give this *wound* to me.

Even here sheath'd in her harmlesse *breast*
A harmfull *knife*, that thence her *soul* unsheathed,
That *blow* did bayl it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted *prison* where it breathed,
Her contrite *sighs* unto the *clouds* bequeathed
Her winged *spright*, and through her *wounds* doth
Lifes lasting date from cancell'd *destinie*. (She
Stone-

Stone-still, astonisht with this deadly deed,
Stood *Colatine* and all his *Lordly* crew.
Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on here self slaughtered *body* threw,
And from the purple fountain *Brutus* drew
The murderous *knife*, and as it left the *place*,
Her *blood* in poor revenge, he'd it in chase.

And bubbling from her *breast*, it doth divide
In two slow *rivers*, that the crimson *blood*
Circles her *body* in on every side,
Who like a late sackt *Island* vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearfull *flood*:
Some of her *blood* still pure and red remain'd,
And some lookt *black*, & that false *Tarquin* stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed *face*
Of that *black blood*, a watry *rigall* goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted *place*;
And ever since a pitying *Lucrece* woes,
Corrupted blood some watry *token* shoves,
And *blood* untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, dear *daughter*, old *Lucretius* cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd,
If in the *childe* the *fathers* image lies,
Where shall I live now *Lucrece* is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

If *children* practise cease *Progenitors*,
We are their *off-spring*, and they none of *ours*.

Poor broken *glasse*, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance, my old *age* new borne,
 But now that faire fresh *mirror* dim and old,
 Shewes me a bare-bon'd *death*, by *time* out-worne,
 O from my cheeks my *image* thou hast torne,
 And shiver'd all the beauty from my *glasse*,
 That I no more can see what once *I was*:

O *time* cease thou thy *course*, and hast no longer,
 If thou surcease to be, that should survive:
 Shall rotten *death* make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the foultring feeble *soules* alive?
 The old *Bees* dye, the young possesse their *bive*,
 Then live sweet *Lucrece*, live againe and see
 Thy *father* dye, and not thy *father* thee.

By this starts *Collatine* as from a *dream*,
 And bids *Lucretius* give his *sorrow* place,
 And then in *Key*-cold *Lucrece* bleeding stream,
 He falls, and bathes the pale feare in his *face*,
 And counterfeites to dye with her a space.
 Till manly *shame* bids him possesse his *breath*,
 And live to be revenged on her *death*.

The deep vexation of his inward *soule*,
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his *tongue*,
 Who made that *sorrow* should his use controule,
 Or keep him from heart-easing *words* so long,
 Begins to talk, but through his *lips* do throng (aid
 Weak *words*, so thick come in his poor *hearts*,
 That no *man* could distinguish what he said.

Yet

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth as if his name he tore,
This windy tempest till it blew up raine,
Held back his sorrowes tide to make it more,
At last it raines. and busie winds give ore :
Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her *his*, the other *his*,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay,
The father sayes, she's mine ; O mine she is,
Replies her husband ; doe not take away
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
He weepes for her, for she was only mine,
And onely must be waild by *Collatine*.

O, quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spild,
Woe, woe, quoth *Collatine*, she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kild.
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
The disperst aire, who holding *Lucrece* life,
Answered their cries ; my daughter and my wife.

Brutus who pluckt the knife from *Lucrece* side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,
Burying in *Lucrece* wound his follies snow :
He with the *Romans* was esteemed so,
As silly leering ideots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein the *policy* did him disguise,
 And arm'd his long-hid *wis* advisedly
 To check the *tears* in *Colatinus* eyes.
 Thou wronged *Lord of Rome*, quoth he, arise,
 Let my unfounded self suppos'd a fool,
 Now let thy long-experienc'd *wis* to school.

Why *Colatine*, is *woe* the cure for *woe*?
 Do *wounds* help *wounds*, or *grief* help *grievous deeds*?
 Is it revenge to give thy self a blow
 For his foul *act* by whom thy fair *wife* bleeds?
 Such childish *humor* from weak *minde*s proceeds:
 Thy wretched *wife* mistook the matter so,
 To slay her self, that should have slain her foe.

Couragious *Romane* doe not steep thy heart
 In such lamenting dew of *lamentations*,
 But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our *Roman Gods* with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 (Since *Rome* her self in them doth stand disgraced
 By our strong *arms* from forth her fair *streets* cha-
 (led.

Now by the *Capitoll* that we adore,
 And by this chaste *blo d* so unjustly stain'd,
 By *heavens* fair *sun* that breeds the fat earth's store,
 By all our *countray rites* in *Rome* maintain'd,
 And by chaste *Lucrece's* soul that late complain'd
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody *knife*,
 We will revenge the *death* of this true *wife*.

This

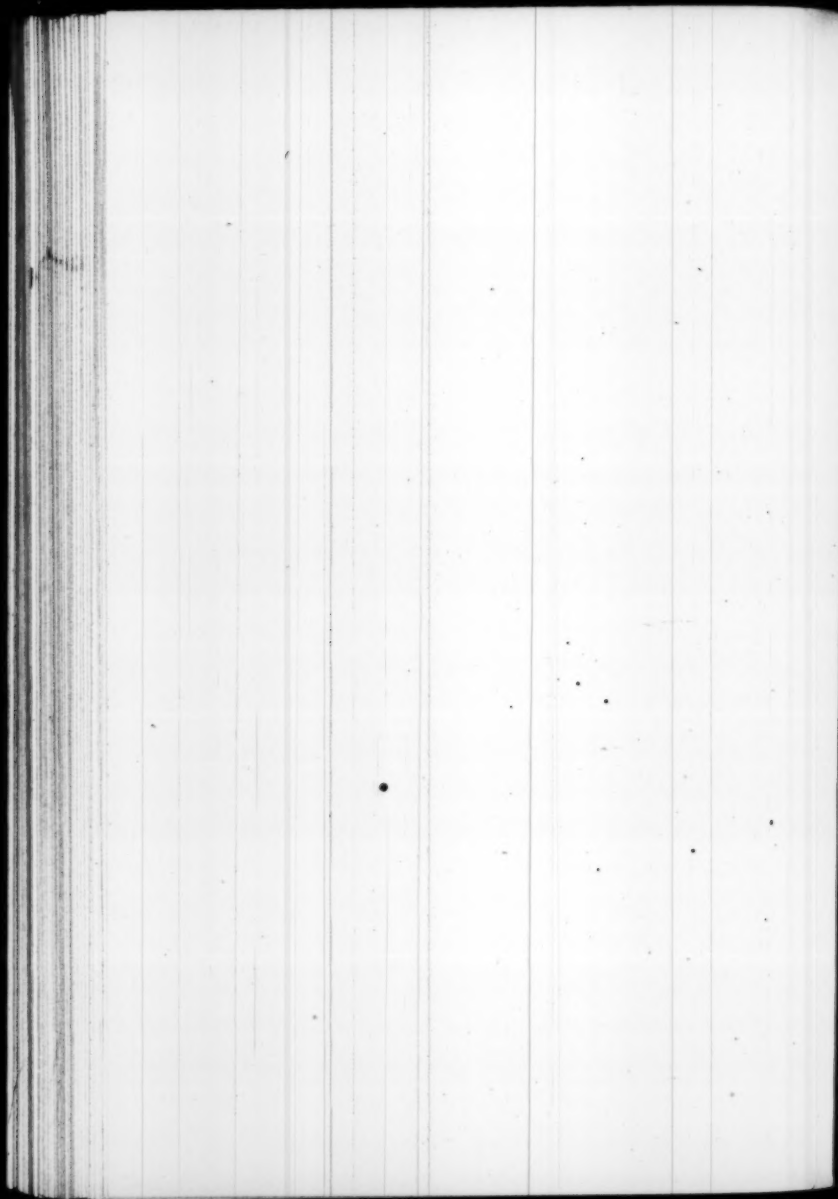
The Rape of Lucrece.

71

This said, he strook his *hand* upon his *breast*,
And kist the fatall *knife* to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondring at him did his *words* allow:
Then joyntly to the *ground* their knees they bow,
And that deep *vow* which *Brutus* made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to his advised *doom*,
They did conclude to bear dead *Lucrece* thence,
To shew the bleeding *body* throughout *Rome*,
And so to publish *Tarquins* foul offence;
Which being done, with speedy diligence,
The *Romans* plausibly did give consent,
To *Tarquins* everlasting banishment.

FINIS.





TO the READER.

Kinde Reader,

I Am confident when thou doest
seriously consider the unworthi-
nesse of the Action, thou wilt not
approve of the Actor; for, after he
had received those many civilities
which the house of chaste Lucretia
could afford, he with an unheard-of
violence, requited her with a most
barbarous rape, which caused not
only his banishment, but likewise
cost the lives of many of the No-
bility; nay, and the King himself
in defence of his son, the Ravisher,
lost

To the Reader.

lost his life; and that which was more than all, was the losse of Lucretia's life: for the sense of the fact, made her stab her self; so died poor Lucretia, blameable in nothing but that she was the Author of her own death: So Reader, as thou hast before read Tarquin's offence, thou mayst now read his punishment. And so farewell.

TAR-

TARQUIN
BANISHED:
OR,
THE REVVARD
Of Lust.

Written by J. Q.

*Quicquid boni cum discretionē feceris, virtus
est; quicquid sine discretionē gesseris, vitium
est: virtus enim indiscreta pro vitio deputa-
tur.*

LONDON.

Printed by J. G. for John Stafford at Fleet-bridge,
and Will: Gilbertson in Giltspur-street.
1655.





TARQUIN Banished :

OR,

The reward of Lust.

TIs seldome known that good effects attend
Upon bad causes ; *Tarquin*, to befriend
His own desires, contaminates his will,
And blasts that vertue, which before did fill
The ears of *Rome*, and made it to proclame
The future hopes of his encreasing name.

May we not judge him wise that loves to spend
Ere he begins, some thoughts upon the end
Of his designe, had *Pha'ron* done the same
He had not turn'd the world into a flame.

The acts of *Catiline*, were noble deeds
Compar'd to this, this horrid act exceeds
Horror it self ; Oh what obdurate breast
Can read this story, and not be oppress'd,
If ever mischief practis'd to excell
It was in this, this Master-piece of Hell.

Had

Had chaste *Lucretia* follow'd the advice
 Of lustfull *Tarquin*, what a lavish price
 Had she layd out for sin, and yet the shame
 Had been far greater, and her death the same
 If not much worse, for had she not reveal'd it,
 T'had prov'd her death to think she had con-
 (ceal'd it.

Ah poor *Lucretia* ! what a fatall guest
 Didst thou receive, how was thy roof unblest
 And thou mistook, how sadly did it prove
 Thy table fed a Serpent, not a Dove :
 It was thy face, *Lucretia*, that was spread
 With lavish beauty, and there *Tarquin* fed.

'Twas not to take repose, he made such speed,
 Nor was't the arrant of his minde to feed
 Upon such Cates, his eye had chose a dish
 Which pleas'd him, and awhile he fed by wish :
 And then by force, *Lucretia*, thou didst finde
 The raging stomach of his lustfull minde.

But ah ! the sad effect records the crime,
 Unparalleld in any Age, or time ;
 For weeping *Lucrece* had no other shield
 Than virtue, which deny'd her heart to yield :
 And this all can be deduc'd from hence
 That virtue was oppress'd by violence.

But

But at the last, when violence had gain'd
The upper-hand, vile *Tarquin* was constrain'd
To flie, and leave *Lucretia* to lament,
Though not conceal her wofull banishment :
Judge Ladies her distresse, poor heart, her grief
Inclin'd her more to-death, than to relief.

She wisht to see her Lord, yet knew not how
To look upon him with a stedfast brow ;
But when she thought on his abus'd bed,
Ah then ! ah then ! her much dejected head :
Outstream'd a fountain, nothing could prevent
The nimble current of her discontent.

At last he comes, and with a fearfull hast
In his expatiated arms imbrac'd
His *Lucretia*, who being tutor'd by here fears,
Spoke all in sighs, and answer'd him in tears :
Whilst gazing *Colatine* with raging speed,
Stamp'd out these words, *I will revenge the deed.*

So out he runs, but hark, a groan recalls
His hasty feet, for his *Lucretia's* fall,
Wounded by her own hand, whilst he in vain,
Lifts up her corps, and layes it down again :
At last poor soul, she mov'd her dying head
And cry'd revenge, for thy *Lucretia's* dead.

Ah !

Ah ! who can grieve with *Collatine*, whose grief
 Admits no equall, but transcends belief,
 He now is fled, and ransacks all about,
 Contrives and plots to finde young *Tarquin* out ;
 At last arriving where the Army stay'd,
 The colours of his grief he thus display'd.

Dear friends, the liberality of my speech
 Is humbly free, and fluent to beseech
 Your joynt assistance, to revenge a wrong
 Whose intricacy neither pen, nor tongue
 Is able to expresse: Alas ! and I
 Can only shadow forth my misery.

My dear *Lucretia*, In whose brest did lie
 My life, is fled unto eternity ;
 She's dead my Lords, and ah ! if that were all
 In time I might endeavour to recall
 My grief, she is (my Lords) I speak what's true,
 Ravish'd by death, nay, and by *Tarquin* too.

And if a worser fate than this can be,
 Ile swear there is no grief, no misery ;
 But to be short dear friends, I cannot now
 Dispose of so much time, as to utter how :
 But the last sound of my *Lucretia's* breath
 Was this, *Revenge my rape, condole my death.*

The

Or, *the reward of Lust.*

3

The frightned aire had hardly cool'd his words,
Before the Nobles with their soon-drawn swords
Vow'd a compleat revenge, and to effect
Their vow'd designs, they suffer'd no neglect
To harbour in their breasts, but with a speed
Wing'd with affection they perform'd the deed.

If I should lavish time, and here relate
Their sev'ral battels, and their sev'ral fate,
I might perplex my Reader with a story
Of this mans ruine, and of that mans glory :
But at my period. I should only say,
Tarquins bad cause, not valour lost the day.

But let me say that in this fatall cloud
Of ruine, *Tarquins* father that did croud
Into the arms of danger to maintain
His sons vile cause, deservedly was slain :
And when young *Tarquin* heard his fathers fall,
He grew more desperate, lost himself and all.

Thus captive to his foes, his fullen breast
Swell'd more with malice, than it seem'd oppress ;
For like a base Usurper, having thrust
Himself in power, his actions must be just :
Nay, though the sword decline him, yet would he
Make all Authentick by obduracie.

G

A

A brazen conscience findes a brazen face,
Tarquin, because he knew his soul disgrace
 Could not receive addition, grew so bold,
 So peremptory, that what others told
 To him in grief, he in disdain, reply'd,
Lucretia's rape, is *Tarquin's* onely pride.

Since she is dead, the thing that grieves me most
 Is this, to think my spirits cannot boast
 Of more enjoyments ; but Ile cease to crave,
 For I am well content with what I have ;
 And if I die, I charge thee grief, forbear,
 I am a Roman, and I scorn to fear.

Oh how Ile vex my foes ! for when as I
 Am brought to death, they shall not know I die ;
 Ile steal into a slumber, none shall say
 They saw me die, although perhaps they may
 Report they saw me dead ; and *Rome* shall crie,
Tarquin hath taught us how to scorn, and die.

Well then, where's their revenge ? for I am sure
 A *Roman* spirit never can endure
 To triumph ore a corps ; when smiling death
 Shall put a period to my yielding breath ;
 What then ? Alas ! they only can concur
 In this one sense, he dy'd a *Ravisher*.

Thus,

Thus, thus insentiate *Tarquin* seems to show
More raging courage, than repentant woe ;
His inconsiderate thoughts think all things good,
And slightly wade through poor *Lucretia's* blood :
Go forward Reader, and thou'lt quickly finde
An alter'd *Tarquin*, and a changed minde.

The Consuls after serious debate
Concerning *Tarquin*, did agree, his fate
Should not be speedy death, but should be sent
Into a sad and lasting banishment,
That so his more deliberate thoughts might finde
A way to call his villany to minde.

This news arriving unto *Tarquins* ears,
He soon begins to argue with his fears :
Must I be sent, cries he, into a place
Of no society, and there inbrace
Perpetual woe ? Oh ! how could Hell contrive
So great a plague to keep me still alive ?

What shall I doe in this extreme abyffe
Of woe and torments ? Death had been a blisse
Beyond expression ; Ah ! must wretched I
Be so accurst t'offend, and yet not die ?
Oh most prodigious fate ! vile *Ixions* wheel
Had been a paradise to what I feel.

Tarquin banished:

Methinks I feel a sudden fire that burns
My very soul, my former comfort turns
To present woe; methinks I grow, and swell
Int' a larger Continent, sure Hell
Hath chang'd his mansion, and intends to make
My troubled *Tenement* his fiery lake.

Since so it is, He labour to prevent
Their swelling laughter with a forc'd content.
He hide my sorrows from their gazing eyes,
He seem to slight their malice, and despise
Their scornful mocks, but yet my heart will tell
My heart, that all within me, is not well.

But stay, shall I forget my self, was I not born
A noble Roman, and shall I not scorn
Their impositions; shall I now relent
And prove a willing slave to discontent?
Fie *Tarquin*, fie; but hark, I hear the summe
Of my destruction, now my foes are come.

Courage my heart, be bold, and let them finde,
Thou hast an Army in thy strength'ned minde,
And if a pressing sigh should chance to fly
Out of the prison of thy minde, deny
It to be shine, so shall thy prying eyes
See thou disown't their lavish tyrannies.

Even

Or, the reward of Lust.

9

Even as the boysterous Ocean, if deny'd
A present passage for her swelling tyde
Swells and looks big, and with insulting waves
Assaults th' immoving shore which stoutly stave:
Its fury off; but if it proudly swell
Above the banks, 'tis time to bid farewell.

Even so our *Tarquins* passion, for a time
Found opposition, but at last did clime
Above his strength, and when it was too late,
He soon deplor'd his miserable state,
And being cast into a remote place,
He thus bewails his lamentable case.

Ah ! what a sad Companion is a heart,
Burthen'd with guilt ; Alas ! I can impart
No comfort to my self, all things declare
My ruine, that's attended with despair :
Methinks I have a still continued flood
Before my eyes, of chaste *Lucretia's* blood.

Nor is my eye disturbed, but my ear
Is grown of late accustomed to hear
Strange dialects, methinks *Lucretia* cries,
Revenge, revenge my wofull injuries :
And thus my eyes, my ears sadly portend
A present woe, a miserable end.

TL

Thus in a sad discourse vile *Tarquin* goes
 He knows not where, being usher'd by his woes;
 He last arriving at a shady grove,
 Close by a wanton stream he sadly strove
 To mitigate his sorrow, but his fire
 Encreas'd above the reach of his desire.

I am inflam'd, he cries, could I devise
 A way to quench my sorrows with my eyes;
 My eye inflam'd my heart, my heart combin'd
 With my affections to corrupt my minde;
 Thus *minde*, thus *heart*, obey'd a lustful call;
 Thus lust procur'd my hate, and hate my fall.

Oh! how these silent fishes seem to sport,
 And revel in their cool aquarian Court!
 Oh! how they bathe themselves in their own flood,
 Whilst I am parboyl'd in a sea of blood!
Lucretia, ah *Lucretia*! thou didst finde
 A raped body, I a raped minde.

At last the Sylvane Choristers begun
 Their warbling notes to the departing Sun,
 Which *Tarquin* hearing with a deep-fetch'd groan
 Cry'd, How more than happy's every one
 Of these care-wanting creatures! they are free
 From the rude hand of griping tyrannie.

And

Or, the reward of Lust.

11

And now deploring *Philomel* begins
Her sad, and melancholy notes, and spins
Her tedious notes unto the smallest thred
As if she meant to strike poor *Tarquin* dead ;
For he no sooner heard her, but he cries,
Sweet *Philomel* forbear thy tyrannies.

Tell me thou woful wretch, doe not deny
Who was most villain * *Terens*, or I ;
Was it not he did perpetrate thy rape,
And made thee wish thy self into this shape ?
Since which sad time having banisht all delight,
Thy sham'd-fac'd sorrows shroud themselves in
(night

* The Poets say, that *Philomel* was a Lady of an incomparable beauty, and being ravished by one *Tereus*, she importuned the Gods that she might be turned into a Bird ; since which time she sadly deplores her misfortune, and is vulgarly called a *Nightingale*.

Let me conjure thee *Philomel* to cease
Thy high strain'd notes, for they doe much encrease
My raging grief ; and now, ah now ! I finde
Horror in sweetnesse, why art thou unkinde,
And wilt not cease ? thou shalt not ring my knell,
For Ile be gon, so *Philomel*, farewell.

Away goes *Tarquin*, *Philomel* pursues ;
The more he flies, she more and more renews
Her echoing notes, he swears, she chants and rears
Her shriller accents to his tortur'd ears,
Enrag'd he cries, the Gods did doe thee wrong
To take thy womans shape, yet leave her tongue.

Will not entreaties move thee? wilt thou still
Send arrowes to my soul, and be thus shrill?
Peace witch thou tempt'st my patience, every note
Derived from the Magick of thy throat
Strikes me to death, but ah, I will not hear;
For if thou find'st a tongue, I want an ear.

With that he stops his ears, but all in vaine;
His fancy turnes all *Philomels*, and straine
Far higher notes; so he, at length let fly
The portalls of his eares, and by and by
More then a flock of Nightingalls, being met,
They thus contriv'd to pay *Lucretia's* debt.

First, they encampe about his eares, and send
A party out of notes, which recommend
Themselves unto him, whil'st affrightn'd he
Decayes, and reels into an extasie.
Then they assault him with full bodied notes
Discharged from the Engine of their throats.

But *Tarquin*, not encourag'd to abide
So hot a Charge, falls down, and falling dy'd.
Which they perceiving presently arise
And flockt about him, and pickt out his eyes;
From which sad story we may well infer,
That *Philomel* abhors a Ravisher.

FINIS.